

Conditions in Soviet Russia Tenor of Exchange Lecture

Prof. W. W. Swanson, Head Saskatchewan Economics Dept., Has Studied Russian Conditions at First-hand — Soviet System Has Fundamental Virtues and Defects

"Will the Soviet System evolve into a democratic form of government? Will it be a case of evolution or revolution in Russia?" Prof. W. W. Swanson asked and answered these questions in his address on "Some Impressions of Social and Economic Conditions in Russia," given Thursday.

Prof. Swanson visited Russia in the capacity of one of the Commissioners for the Saskatchewan Government, dealing with the marketing of agricultural products. His visit was taken with an aim to study Russia, and ascertain the effect of her competition against Canadian products on the British market.

"Russia is a land of magnificent natural resources. Comprising, as she does, the greatest continuous land area in the world, she is today trying out a state endeavour to 'balance the load' in the matter of the supply of necessities of life."

The Czarist Regime

To understand the Soviet, it is necessary to go back to the old Czarist regime. The aristocracy and the nobles were in great part responsible for its fall. Convicted, back as far as 1892, laid the foundations for the downfall of the monarchy. For materials, he had his program to industrialize the country, interest foreign investments and develop the resources. This had met with bitter opposition from the nobility, who feared that the proletariat would gain too much power. This fear was justified, as later history showed only too well. The revolutionary elements were already present to make the outbreak possible. In the universities youth rallied to the side of freedom and democracy.

The national church had degraded into a political instrument with which to awe the peasantry. The working classes, particularly in the cities, were already estranged from it.

By 1917 this corrupt government had displayed all its weaknesses and faults, and had fallen under its own weight. The Bolsheviks had merely to take advantage of a situation, they did not create it. They offered a promise of peace to a war weary people, land to a landless peasantry, power to a proletariat which had been downtrodden—and they were accepted for their promises.

Economic Organization

The speaker went rather carefully into the details of the economic organizations of Russia at the present time. A state planning commission functions, with a main purpose of attempting to relate the supply of necessities to the demand. We, in the western hemisphere see the same thing attempted by means of trusts, organizations and other non-state groups, but there the whole nation is involved. It is hoped by means of this commission, the Gosplan, to eliminate the currency depressions, and to do away with unemployment, booms, over-production and the other recurring economic conditions that characterize our times.

Their program deals not merely with agricultural matters, but also with machine industry, transportation, super-power, external trade, and the national budget. As yet this is impossible of execution in the Soviet states for the peasants, who comprise 80 per cent. of the population, are still individualistic, and object to trading their products to the state at state maintained prices for manufactured goods.

"Russia's economic activities are a curious mixture of state socialism, co-operation, controlled concessions and capitalism. The professed objects of such control are to stabilize production and distribution, and as well assure a maximum output of the necessities for the masses with a minimum of human effort. In a manner it also assures the urban workers of an opportunity to obtain cultural development by wise use of leisure time."

Soviet Advantages

The speaker believed that we have much to learn from the program of the Soviet, but little from their practice. It is natural that the Soviet has got hold of some essentials in our economic life. For instance, in the conception of our economic life as a whole, and the necessity of relating the various industries and occupations to each other so as to produce the best results. An example of this last is shown in their program for the uniform development of their coal and oil fields, which would do away with the economic waste of competition. The truth is that this grandiose scheme does not materialize, due to the lack of capital, and—most important of all—the dearth in trained men for the technical work.

Its Defects

"When one recalls that 80 per cent. of the people of Russia are peasants, it is evident that a system cannot endure which rests on the assumption that the proletariat are supreme. We may look for a peasant revolt in the future." The Soviet was steadily passing from revolution to revolution. Kamenoff, Zinovieff, Rykoff, Trotsky, Stalin, and others all had their taste of dictatorship. The speaker maintained that the system would not evolve into a democratic form of government, either politically or as an economic fact. Politically the present leaders insist on the dogma of the dictatorship of the proletariat and world revolution. If they submit to the democratic theory, it would mean the collapse of their propaganda among the youth of that land. Economically, the Soviet only understands control of the foreign trade in terms of the revenue that it allows to support the army and the Cheka.

In conclusion, Prof. Swanson gave some of his personal observations with respect to factory conditions, technical institutes and the welfare work attempted by the Soviet. It was natural, fitting in with the "sense of destiny" that the headquarters of the governing bodies should be at Moscow. "Russia is a land of great resources, but it is the people that make a nation."

FRESHMAN CLASS

There will be a special meeting of the Freshman class next Wednesday, Feb. 27th, at 142 Med, for the purpose of considering the selection of an Initiation Committee.

As this is an important item, and one in which the whole class will be involved later, a good attendance is requested. The creation of that "homelike" atmosphere for the class of '33 depends to a great extent on the wisdom shown in this selection by the class of '32.

Mr. Ottewill, Honorary President of the class, will address the meeting. Circumstances permitting, the secretary will give a report on the class finances. To date many have not paid their class fees, not knowing that their pictures will not appear in the Year Book unless this has been done.

PROGRAMME FOR ORGAN RECITAL

- The following programme will be given at the Vesper Organ Recital, Sunday, Feb. 24th, at 4:30 p.m.:
- 1—Moment Musicale (Arthur Brown).
 - 2—Fountain Reverie (Percy Fletcher).
 - 3—Sketches of the City (G. B. Nevin).
 - 4—(a) Minuet (Camidge).
(b) Menuetto Antico (Pietro Yon).
 - 5—(a) In a Mountain Church.
(b) Midnight.
 - 6—Toccata and Fugue in D Minor (Bach).

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

DO YOU BELIEVE THAT A LIMIT OF THREE YEARS PLAYING IN ANY MAJOR SPORT FOR AN INDIVIDUAL ATHLETE SHOULD BE ESTABLISHED HERE?

H. H. Hutton, Com. '30: No. Our University is small, and persons who will and can take part in a major sport are not plentiful. The present scholastic requirement is sufficient check.

R. E. Jespersen, Arts '30: Yes, if possible; but only three months for Xmas graduates.

J. O. Overbo, Arts '30: If it's chesterfield rugby you are referring to, it ought to be eliminated altogether.

W. D. Sutor, Sci. '32: No; I don't think so, for the reason that every man should get a chance to distinguish himself as often as possible.

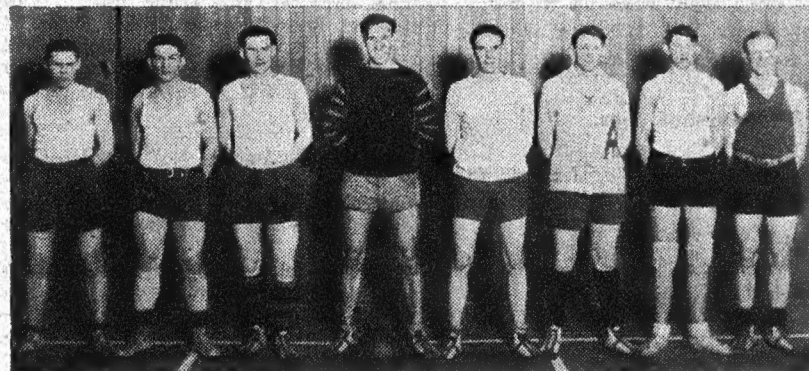
D. W. Ross, Sci. '30: We should conform with the four-year playing rule as it is applied in Eastern universities.

Geo. S. Field, Sci. '29: That depends upon whether we want to give as many as possible a chance to play, or whether we consider winning of major importance.

Hugh Wilson, Sci. '33: Absolutely not—You can't keep a good man down, boys, No matter where you set him, The good stuff comes to the top some day, You can't keep cream on the bottom.

—and he has the chance here to govern his own funeral, if he so desires. J. M. Butler, Com. '30: Decidedly not. What would be the point in doing so? Other lines of endeavor are not checked after a period of time, so why do so with athletics?

PROVINCIAL CHAMPIONS



ALBERTA BASKETBALL TEAM

Reading from left to right: Ad Donaldson, forward; Bill Shandro, centre; Clarence Greenless, forward; Coach Wally Sterling; Mac Miller, forward; Mal McCallum, forward; McBeth, guard; Carscallen, guard; Brynildsen, guard, was absent.

Alberta Hockey Team Travels to Sask. for Inter-Varsity Game

First Inter-Varsity Hockey Competition After a Lapse of Four Years — 1925 Score 6-2 for Saskatchewan — Alberta Hopes to Win This Time

Four years ago, February 10, 1925, the University of Alberta hockey team travelled to Saskatoon and there was defeated by the Saskatchewan team 6-2. Since that time there has been no inter-arsity hockey, but tomorrow morning the Green and Gold six leaves for Saskatoon to play the Saskatchewan senior hockeyists. The Varsity team hopes to reverse the last decision, but one never knows; but the best of luck goes with them. The winners will constitute the unofficial inter-university champions.

The following men will accompany Manager Dave Ross: Kemp, goal; Prittle and Buchanan, defence; Levell, Melnyk, Knight, Groves, Runge and Kelz, forwards. It is interesting to note that Runge is the only member of this year's team who also was a member of the team four years ago.

The Saskatoon Team

SASKATOON.—After a lapse of three years senior inter-arsity hockey will be revived here Friday night, when the local Varsity Seniors meet the University of Alberta at 8:30 in the Arena.

Coach Brehaut has been working quietly behind the scenes, and has rounded up the most promising Varsity team since the Allan Cup finals of 1923. Early intentions of having another junior team fell through due to lack of competition. Instead, the Varsity players were gathered together from the different city teams and with the remains of the old Juniors a new senior team was organized. Failing to obtain a game with the Regina Pats, the management turned towards the U. of A., and as a step towards reviving inter-

arsity hockey, they have consented to send a team to play here Friday night. A glance at the Saskatchewan lineup will show that they can be expected to give any team in the west a battle.

Frankie Evans, goal. The reason the Argos are near the top in the interfaculty league. Played four years with different Moose Jaw junior and senior teams. A real find.

Bob Hegan, right defence. The Kerobert member of the former All Star Western Saskatchewan Seniors. Smears them as well on the defence as in the rugby line.

Johnnie Logan, left defence. Learnt how with the Fighting Fifth in Yorkton, later with Queens, and now playing for his second year with Varsity.

Arlo Arneson, centre. Already famous as a member of the Royals down town. Comes to Varsity after four years with Moose Jaw seniors.

Red Anderson, left wing. Elected last year to the Regina All Stars, who gave the Monarchs such a scare. Youngest member of the team, but one of the fastest.

Harry Dempster, right wing. Prince Albert's contribution. Last year's leading goal-getter on the Varsity Juniors.

Chas. Logan, centre. After two years with the Yorkton Seniors, Chas. has been playing with the Big Four League. Big and fast.

Johnnie Balfour, right wing. The fourth engineer on the team, an old inter-arsity senior, and formerly a mainstay of the Lumsdon Wildcats.

Artie Kerr, left wing. Played last year with Wesley Seniors, well known in Varsity hockey circles, and now with the Royals.

Elmer Bell, right wing. Played with Wesley Seniors last year, and has been sporting a Royal sweater during the present season.

Did You See—?

Victor Kelz fighting off a severe case of whooping cough. Gladys Fry partaking of happy dreams in the library every afternoon. Bob Bainbridge creeping up and down stairs under a heavy burden of worry. Denis Healy wondering who it was that said the short Spanish course would be easy. Doris Dunham entering the Tuck Shop at least five times last Monday afternoon. And they were all different. Reuben Jespersen again telling the corridors of his adventures in Winterburn. Susie Hungerbuhler taking out an official patent for a foolproof lipstick. Herb Morris trying to understand why this year's Chem. 1 lab. is so dumb. Fred Emmett becoming field-marshal of the king's army at the armories last Saturday afternoon. Don Blow orating on women. Alix McCaig preparing for the Midwinter with great gusto. He is a Med. student at that. John Overbo wiping the acid off his hands on to the seat of his trousers last Thursday in the Chem. lab. Sheldon's sold a new suit Saturday afternoon. Eric Kneen becoming irate over the street-car service. Lillian Jones doing her stuff at the House Dance Saturday night after a long absence. Joe Korczynski making several expeditions carrying some new apparatus from the basement to 303 Arts. Cliff Hide thanking the little angels above that the Undergrad is over. Helen Cautley stalking into a Math. 7 lecture at 11:40 one morning last week. Barney Barnett upsetting things in the stiff lab. Monday afternoon. "Thanks-a-Lot" with her violin on the way to orchestra practice on Friday. George Argue weighing himself in the scales, but found wanting in Physics 6. Nellie Magee slaving in the stack from one to five o'clock every afternoon. George Stanley melting the snow on the front steps of Pembina much to the satisfaction of the janitors. Dorothy Riley missing from her recreation hour in the library one morning last week. Pat Ogilvie studying the latest style of mustache in the magazines at the Tuck Shop. Margaret Archer looking very sad at the post-office last Friday morning. Fred Beddome leaving for the north side to continue his training in Pharmacy.

(Continued on page six)

Fourteen Years!

"Postal service is not so bad between here and the Old Country, after all," says Mr. J. Collins, janitor at Pembina Hall. His latest letter from England left there on January 15 and reached here February 21. Really not so bad, except for the fact that fourteen years had elapsed between the two months. It was sent from England January 15, 1915, and reached Winnipeg February 19, 1929, and although it was sent on from there at once, it is wonderful that it reached Mr. Collins at all, for in the meantime he had changed his address, and the city of Edmonton had changed its system of numbering the streets. It contained a church magazine, sent from Staffordshire, England, and had some news about an English church society to which Mr. Collins' children had belonged. Of course, the sender had an idea that the children would be fourteen years older before the news reached them. However, Mrs. Collins answered it last night, and when her sister in England receives the reply, she will probably think that Mrs. Collins was merely following the good old maxim, "He who hesitates is lost," and that she had taken a little time to meditate before replying.

Varsity Defeated Y.M.C.A. Last Night

Alberta Basketball Championship Finally Cinched—Hard-fought Contest Ended 20-10

Last night the Varsity Seniors cinched the Alberta basketball championship by defeating the Y boys 20-10 in a hard-fought game, which was featured by close checking and rather wild shooting by both teams. The game was hard and fast from the start, as a win for Varsity meant the championship, and the Y was out for another chance. At the end of the first half neither team had much advantage, Varsity being on the long end of a 9-7 score. However, in the second half Varsity broke loose, and though the Y checked hard, the game ended with Varsity 10 points up.

The Lineups were:

Y: Forwards, Pullishy (3), Martel (5), Glover; centres, Cathers (1), Doherty; guards, Richards, Gowda, Turnbull (1), Kyle.

Varsity: Forwards, Donaldson (2), Greenless (9); centres, Brynildsen (4), McCallum; guards, McBeth, Carscallen (1), Shandro (4), Miller.

Bliss Carman Says Ideas Rule the World

(Special to The Gateway)

SASKATOON, Feb. 20. — "There are more than things in the world. There are ideas, and there is happiness, which is a legitimate aim of life," said Bliss Carman, famous Canadian poet, during one of a series of lectures on "Poetry and Personality," which he delivered at the University of Saskatchewan last week.

Dr. Carman commenced with an analysis of personality. Man was a unity of three elements, he said. There was the physical, or sensual; the mental, or intelligent; and the spiritual, or emotional.

Science satisfied the intelligence. But there was something more to life than a mere sensory existence, something more than rationalism. There was poetry, or those things which appealed to the spiritual in man.

Dr. Carman discussed the part played by poetry in the development of personality. He dwelt on its appeal to the intellect and to the senses as well as to the emotions.

Interesting lectures were also given on the art of expression. Speaking to the students of the College of Education, the poet stressed the necessity of linking physical education with the development of the personality, the body being the basis of all expression. "Stereotyped" physical training with the newer method of teaching dancing, which he declared was more pleasant and also more valuable to the student.

The speaker read poems of his own and from other poets to illustrate his points.

ALBERTA GIRLS WIN FROM SASK.

Ursula McClatchie Was Outstanding Player for Winners

LEADS VARSITY

(SASKATOON, Feb. 19.—The University of Alberta's girls hockey team after being defeated at Winnipeg by the Manitobans Friday night, evened up the inter-collegiate series by defeating the University of Saskatchewan sextet 2-1, at the arena rink here Monday night.

Outplaying the Saskatchewan girls in every department of the game, the Albertans were full value for the victory. They outskated the local co-eds and were better stick handlers and were better shots.

Ursula McClatchie was easily the outstanding player on the Alberta lineup, and it was mainly through her efforts that her team was able to chalk up its first victory on its road trip. Besides playing a strong game defensively, she engineered many pretty rushes, and it was her goal, on an individual effort, in the final period that gave the Albertans the verdict.

Neither team was able to dent the twine in the opening period. Play was very close with the visitors having a slight margin in territorial play. After six minutes of play in the second period, D. Sproule took a flip shot from the blue line at the Saskatchewan net, the puck landing behind the goalie for the first corner. Midway in the third period, Dorothy McKenzie, the ace of the Saskatchewan team, tied the score on a long shot from outside the defence that just caught the corner of the net. Less than two minutes later, U. McClatchie stickhandled her way through the whole Saskatchewan team to score the winning goal and the prettiest of the game.

Both goalies turned in a creditable performance, with G. Munro in the Green and White net having the busier evening.

The lineup: Saskatchewan: G. Munro, goal; J. McMillan, D. Brown, defence; D. McKenzie, E. Beck, L. Sutherland, L. Crawford, E. Foley, J. Stoddard, forwards.

Alberta: B. Wallace, goal; C. C. Ross, U. McClatchie, defence; L. Goulay, H. Higgs, K. Burgess, D. Sproule, K. Campbell, forwards.

Referee: Kent Phillips. The Varsity girls' hockey team, tired from a long train journey, were defeated by the Manitoba Varsity girls in Winnipeg last Friday night. Played on artificial ice, the game was slow and ragged. Betty Wallace was unable to play goal on account of an injury in the last Monarch game. Bessie Pickersgill, Manitoba's star defence player, was largely responsible for their victory, scoring three of their four goals.

THE FORUM

Parliamentary Debate tonight, Men's Common Room, 8:00 p.m. Resolved: That this house views with alarm the prevalence of juvenile precocity.

Dramat Has Chosen Comedy For Spring Play This Year

"Aren't We All" is to Be Given March 7 and 8—Tickets on Sale March 4—Fine Progress Reported in Rehearsals

With this issue of The Gateway the Spring Play, major annual production of the University Dramatic Society, is but two short weeks away. Booked for the nights of March 7th and 8th, in Convocation Hall, it is already prophesied that records will be set both for excellence of presentation and by the houses it will draw. Seats will be on sale Monday, March 4th, in the basement of the Arts Building.

Caste Well Chosen

In a previous issue it was stated that no caste had been found of which the characters fitted better their respective roles since the year "Dear Brutus" took the University play-lovers by storm. Later development of the material chosen has fully confirmed that belief; and the Dramatic Society is confident that no better balanced caste will be seen in Edmonton this season. Rehearsing steadily under the experienced direction of Mrs. N. W. Haynes, the actors and actresses have become very proficient, and are already nearly letter perfect. The remaining two weeks will be devoted to obtaining smoothness of action and general polish.

"Aren't We All" is Rich Comedy

The recital of one of the many and ludicrous adventures of that exceedingly storm-tossed bark, the good ship matrimony, with its humorous high lights, clever innuendos, and a surprising and laughable denouement, "Aren't We All," by Frederick Lonsdale, is a comedy second to none that has hitherto appeared on the University stage. The various characters and the names of those who will portray them, are as follows: The Hon. Willie Tatham, an erring but nevertheless loving husband, Don Mackenzie; Margot Tatham, his wife, "who has the good luck to catch

him kissing another woman," Margaret Roseborough; Lord Grenham, Willies' father, who has lived a life "devoted to agriculture—and women"—Al Borrowman; Lady Trinton, a widow, and "just wild" over Lord Grenham, and who believes in "getting your man," Helen Carnes; The Vicar, Grenham's brother-in-law, who finds it hard to forego the poms and vanities of this wicked world, Eric Gibbs; Angela, his wise little wife, and Grenham's disapproving sister, Mona McLeod; Willocks, an Australian, who innocently proves the salvation of Willies' conjugal bliss, Roger Harding; Kitty Lake, an actress, who causes all the trouble, Gwen Mullett; Butlers and house-guests complete the caste.

Pierre Patelin, a French Comedy. Also under the direction of Mrs. Haynes, a short French comedy, "La Farce de Pierre Patelin," is being prepared, as an added attraction. The piece is in English and is regarded as one of the funniest obtainable translations. Elsie Young, Walter Hancock and Eric Gibbs are portraying the three roles. Pierre Patelin, in the opinion of some, will cause even more laughs than will the three-act comedy.

Stage Settings Original

Holroyd and Landmore, whose artistic work will be remembered by those who saw "He Who Gets Slapped," have again obtained a triumph for "Aren't We All." There will be two completely different sets, both of them specially adapted to give the small Varsity stage a width and depth hitherto thought impossible to obtain. Rich tapestries and unusual decoration effects put the finishing touches to extremely handsome sets. Special lighting effects will be a crowning feature.



THE GATEWAY

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THE OLD REFRAIN

So much has been said and written about the purpose of a University that one almost asks to be ignored when he reopens the question for discussion. But even though bordering on the trite, can one ever say too often that if we are merely "Careerists" we are losing the essence of the spirit of Education? University students, it is illusorily supposed, are "getting an education." But are they? How many students at the University of Alberta are "getting an education"? The medical student is not; he is learning only medicine. The Applied Science student is not; he is learning only one branch of science. The Law student is not; he is learning only jurisprudence. And so on—to reflection, we hope. The Arts student (the despised Arts student!) alone, it seems, is approximating an education.

On reading the above words, there is not a doubt that many voices will be raised in ridicule. Let them laugh; has our University no other end than to make men and women potential money-earners by specializing their talents? Yes, yes, of course, we must live! But why live at all if we have failed to find an appreciation of life, or rather, of how to single out life's salient features, and to live accordingly? In other words, what is the use of a specialized career if one has not been led to an appreciation of the results a career may lead to? And to put it still another way—ages old—"What profiteth it a man to gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul?" (Are we not losing our own souls if we permit ourselves—in the rush for wealth—to lose all that the progress of the centuries has won for us in the way of "culture," in the way of general appreciation of what we may call the "bons mots" of life, in the way of spiritual finesse, in the way of "sweetness and light?")

It is not every specializing student, of course, who loses or lacks that sense of the universality of education which characterizes so many of us, to the stultification, or at least repression, of our intellectual life. We know an engineering student who is always enraptured when he reads the "Idylls of the King"; a medical student whose Holy City is Athens; a Commerce man who is a devotee before the shrine of History; another med. who sits enthralled at the feet of Ruskin. (Another engineer writes Casserole!) So it should be. But how very many of us know nothing, and care nothing, about anything but our own calculus, or theory of international trade, or materia medica, or criminal court precedents, or household economics, or thermo-dynamics!

In reply to our postulate that a liberal education brings an ability to fix life's true values, it may be said, of course, that happiness depends not on knowledge, but on contentment—on the denominator of the relative desire fraction. The man who knows only his mathematics may be as happy as he who takes "all knowledge for his province." "Knowledge does not bring happiness." Not that kind, of a certainty; but it may bring the happiness of a soul in flight towards the far intellectual reaches.

"Better Socrates discontented than the lotus-eaters contented."

UNIVERSITY SUBJECTS

In last week's issue of this paper a news item told of certain changes that have been made in the First Year courses leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science. The announcement of these changes caused no more than a slight passing comment. There should have been sounds of great joy in our halls, and a monster demonstration of some kind should have been staged. For, when a university starts shedding certain trimmings that were comely in mediaeval times, but are mere impediments today, such a university should be convulsed with the enormity of its revolution.

What is the purpose of an Arts course?

After discarding all secondary considerations, we conclude that the chief aim of an Arts course is to provide its students with the means of enjoying the fullest life. In a few more centuries our universities may have discarded enough iron-bound regulations and provided enough optional courses to allow a student to have some voice in deciding what will contribute to his own fullest life.

Some years ago an old man said to a youth, "Go to a university, young man. It will broaden your outlook and get you out of your present mould of thought!" He came to university. He has been broken out of his old mould of thought, but has been forced into another mould, equally definite and no more comfortable. In his first he would have liked to have spent much more time on History and English, but Latin and Physics were difficult for him and required most of his time. As a result he made third classes in everything.

In his second year he tried to catch up in his chosen courses, but Chemistry and Mathematics held him down. He would have liked to have taken many courses in Philosophy, English and History, but rigid rules concerning Divisions narrowed his choice. He left the university in good time, knowing nothing of any worth in the sciences, and only half satisfied in his thirst for the knowledge he desired. Had he been given a freer choice he would have learned far more; he would have left the university to enjoy a fuller life and to become a leader of thought instead of a mediocre citizen with a little Latin, a smattering of Science, and nothing much of anything else.

Year after year women come to the University and are made to study Physics. Year after year



This week we present our "pun edition" of Casserole.

Punning is not acceptable amusement, so says MacSwershof, well-known local Scotchman. Whereupon the editor of the "Pig's Eye" rises up to ask: "Do you know what a pun is? It's one of those things you dip in your cocoa at the Tuck."

So now you know, MacSwershof dear.

Jimmy Benson, commonly called "Jimmy the Squib," was quite astonished at the definition of "pun."

"Pun my word!" he said, "that word has been pun my brain for some time."

S'funny. Ha! ha!

Mrs.: "Dear me! Dead! Dead! Poor Mrs. Blimp gone to join the great majority."

Mr.: "Well, I wouldn't say that! She was a good woman, so far as we know!"

Stuttering Mose: "Just th-think, th-th-that b-b-beautiful b-b-butterfly c-c-came from a cocoon."

Rastus: "Goo' Lawd, I guess we is the ancestors of everything."

If you don't see it yet, you're English.

"Is Claude still mopping floors at the hotel?"

"Yes, he's the same old floor flusher."

He (at the Midwinter): "Do you think my dress suit is a perfect fit?"

She: "Yes, almost a convulsion."

"I'd like a nice book for an invalid."

"Yes, madam. Something religious?"

"Well—er—no, he's convalescent."

The janitor of a certain apartment house has a little boy, very black, who has been nicknamed "Midnight" by his white friends. He didn't mind them calling him that, but one day one of his own color said, "Hello dere, Midnight!" and he retorted indignantly, "Yo jus' about quarter to twelve, yo'self!"

Momma: "What do you say to the nice man, who gave you the apple, Gertrude?"

Gertrude: "Peel it!"

"Who you shoving?"

"I dunno—what's your name?"

He: "I suppose I'm only a pebble in your life?"

She: "Yes, but it's all right with me if you want to be a little boulder."

"What do you think of the new Ford?"

"I think it's positively uncanny."

It's a case of pun upon pun with Cass this week.

Helen: "I adore Keats."

Ikey: "Oy, it's nize to meet a lady vot likes children."

Heard at the Tuck:

"What have you for dessert today, Mabel?"

"Have you tried our strawberry shortcake?"

"No. Bring me some."

(Intermission.)

"Here's your shortcake."

"Have you the nerve to call that shortcake? Take it out and berry it!"

Of course, the idea of shortcake at the Tuck is only our little joke.

"I say, Harold, there's a fly in my soup."

"Surely not; it's probably just one of those vitamin bees you read so much about."

"Bring me some roast pork, peas—"

Waiter: "Say 'pretty please'."

"Thirty is the proper age for a woman."

If she isn't proper by then she never will be.

A French astronomer recently discovered another comet. And thereby hangs a tale.

She (tragically): "Stop; this can't go on!"

Shoe salesman: "Very well, madam. We'll try another size."

Well, I'm going now, bulb right back.

—ROMEO.

women, more than men, fail in Physics. Yet year after year the course was retained as compulsory for women. This year a slight change has been made; the women can now choose Greek or Latin or Zoology as optional! Why not give them another optional science?—Domestic Science. They would enjoy it far more, get far more out of it, and would be providing themselves very definitely with the means of enjoying a fuller life.

But we must keep faith with the ghosts of our monkish ancestors who gave birth to the university idea. We must continue to honor their memory by studying only the subjects they enjoyed to study. We must deny our healthy desires and squeeze our thoughts into an arbitrarily ordained mould, a mould broad enough in itself, but not large enough to hold the inclinations of a thousand students. They say that in adapting themselves to fit the chosen mould we shall make ourselves mentally supple—better to say that we shall make ourselves adept as mental contortionists.

We must pattern our intellects after those of men removed from us by a continent, an ocean and a few hundred years!

—E. M. J.



New Gym For Queen's

A new gymnasium to cost at least \$250,000 is planned at Queen's University. The athletic board of control is willing to assume half of the total cost if the university will take care of the other half. The student body is now being asked if they will agree to a continuance of the university fee of three dollars per student to assist in raising the necessary funds.

New Brunswick, N.J. (I.P.)—An occupational survey is being conducted at the New Jersey State College for Women by the sophomore class.

At a recent class meeting the ten most popular occupations of its members were separated, and those supporting them were placed under separate chairmen.

The groups, at separate meetings, are discussing the advantages, opportunities and demands which those particular positions offer women.

The ten occupations voted the most interesting were department store field, dramatic work, interior decorating, journalism, library work, mathematics, music, personnel work, social work, and stenographic, secretarial and executive positions.

Oberlin, Ohio, (I.P.)—Oberlin College has followed the lead of those higher educational institutions which have abolished the six-letter grading system. Hereafter Oberlin students will either "pass" or "fail," and they'll never know whether it was a pass by a D or an A.

Delaware, Ohio (I.P.)—More than 30 years ago, during the "gay nineties," when campus rules marked out a tidy, narrow path for student feet at Ohio Wesleyan, a slender, energetic young man packed his trunk and departed from Delaware, dismissed from the college for having visited a pool-room.

This week the same man returned to the campus as the honored guest of the college.

He is Boyd Gurley, ex-'98, editor of the Indianapolis Times, whose adventures in journalism led in 1928 to the receipt by his paper of the Pulitzer prize for "the most disinterested and meritorious service rendered by an American newspaper during the year."

Monday, Feb. 11th, witnessed the first public demonstration of Manitoba undergraduates in their campaign for adequate buildings. The following is one of the rally-up notices printed in the Manitoban:

What's Going to Happen? The procession will form up between the old and new (?) Arts buildings.

When?—Monday at 2:00 p.m. It will move off with flags waving and banners flying.

Where?—To Portage Ave. It will proceed by a devious route to the Parliament Building.

Why?—To Present the Petition. Everybody be out on the so-called campus between the buildings at 2:00 p.m.

Values

You've never suffered? Then my friend, You've never known joy. Sorrow should not break nor bend With or destroy.

Who are those who scorn the shade That relieves the sun? Who would never seek the glade? I, like you, for one.

Yet the dark comes soon or later And when it is past Happiness is all the greater Worth a lot, at last.

—Varsity.

"Habeo eum Crinibus Minimus" He'd laughed at me and passed me by As he'd a right to do.

My heart was full of hate and I Had planned revenge anew.

Now I can laugh at him and sneer Or whistle like a linnet; But I must change my plan I fear There'd be no pleasure in it.

—Varsity.

CROWN OF WILD OLIVE

It often happens that in their pursuit of the knowledge of whatsoever things are true many students are disillusioned of their most treasured and most comforting beliefs. Then, like the foolish man who built his house upon the sand, they have no shelter against the rains, the floods, and the winds of truth. For truth is not always pleasant; not least among the destructive and constructive trials we must meet in reaping the benefits of education is that of throwing off the supports which weaker men have reared to maintain their front against the stern realities of existence; and to face, armed only with a few certain truths, all that time and the elements may wreak upon us. We have no doubt that such is the best course; otherwise we should not be here: we are confident that armed with a few proved principles we shall be able better to meet the onslaught of experience than we would have it supported by a multitude of unsubstantial opinions; otherwise we should never have abandoned the one to assume the other. When in due reverence we make "Quaecumque Vera" the guiding principle of our life, wisdom becomes our shield and truth the hyperaspist that bears it; other protection have we none.

But truth is a lofty goddess and must be sought in the clouds. So it is that in our desire to pass under her protection we too often look at the more minute things of life, where she is revealed only in broken glimpses. We too often hope that by an accumulation of the incidents of truth we shall discern her whole. So it is that many of those who sought her through dogma and opinion came closer, and come closer, to her than we. They sought her in the right

place; their error was that they knew not how to look; many of us know how to look, but err by seeking in the wrong place.

Let us be specific. Those that have the good fortune to study the customs of the ancients will be told that the victors at the Olympic games were so celebrated among the Greeks that on their return to their native states a section of the city wall was torn down that they might be honoured by a triumphal progress through the breach, and that their wants were supplied for the rest of their lives. They will further in all probability be informed that these facts should be kept in mind when reading Ruskin's Crown of Wild Olive. But are they? Do we not, in keeping our attention fixed to these minute aspects of truth, miss the whole truth of one of the noblest pieces of literature which have graced the English tongue? It is undoubtedly well to know that the champions of the ancient games were rewarded by more than "only some few leaves of wild olive, cool to the tired brow, through a few years of peace, . . . type of grey honour and sweet rest." But there are times—this is said in due respect for those who present truth to us—there are times when it is well to forget these facts and to accept Ruskin's statement that a crown of wild olive was all the victors bore away, since, Jupiter being poor, "this was the best the god could give them." If we remember the particular truth we shall not perceive the general truth which was never expressed better than in the context of these false statements.

So in all our activities. Our danger is not that we shall fail to observe the minute evidence of truth, but that in our concentration on them we shall miss the higher and more lasting totality of it.

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Cabbages and Kings and Several Other Things

Once upon a time, in a country snow-bound and cold, a mischievous spirit dwelt, bearing the name Unorthodoxy.

For a neighbor of his, a certain Dame Convention, in manner as cold as the country, the spirit had no love. He was inordinately fond of causing her discomfort and vague unease as to her own righteousness, and sad jolts he gave the old Dame from time to time.

Just to the south of the house of the Mischievous One lay a fair country known through the universe as Canada. As a country rich in the gifts of the gods, and of increasing greatness in trade, the fame of this country was growing apace.

Now there were those who wished that freedom of thought might keep step with material growth. Small wonder then that the spirit chuckled with glee as he inspired certain Writers of Letters to place before the people thoughts foreign to Dame Convention.

In the Eastern part of this Canada was one who was high among those of the Letters. Him the spirit induced to write long words condoning a certain "cuddle system" popular with those of the younger generation and those in the childhood called the second. And many were joyful on reading these words, but Dame

Convention was firm, and the Writer of Letters was degraded.

From the East the spirit fled, stopping not until a province of the country, called Manitoba, was reached. Here another Writer of Letters was moved to lead a rising with the hope of gaining new mansions wherein the young might be taught wisdom.

Since things moved but slowly in that place, the spirit moved westward once again, and stopped in another province known as Alberta, near mountains called the Rockies, because they rocked with much laughter when observing the slowness of those in government in Manitoba.

In Alberta another who was of the High-placed in Letters was inspired by the Mischievous One. It was the duty of this Writer of Letters to issue for the approval of many readers a document named after a type of portal. And in the next issue appeared writings condemning guidance by creed and dogma with no thought for the true meanings of such. And Dame Convention found that in many cases the cap fitted—and the style of it was not pleasing to her. Again did she rise in her wrath, but the Writer was not cowed, and many were they that sided with him. So did a state of armed peace come to pass, and—why go on? I'm not the one you expect serious sayings from anyway, and you know the rest of the story as well as I do.

—ROMEO.

room where there are, perhaps, six or eight people and a gramophone. Now the torture begins. Someone vigorously winds the machine, someone else selects a record and puts it on (probably one that you have been longing for weeks to hear), and the instant the first note is struck the six or eight people burst into the most animated and deafening conversation. It is only when the singer has an unusually powerful voice that he can get a few words of the song sandwiched in between the gossip of the week; otherwise the gramophone is quite ignored except when it is necessary to turn over the record or change the needle—and when this has been done the conversation is taken up again with renewed vigour. Unless you are very skilled in this form of pastime you are in a most helpless situation, for your ears are not trained to distinguish your neighbour's conversation from the rest, so you never know what to reply, and even if you do, your voice is not trained to make itself heard above this general confusion of sounds; your ear and voice, once such loyal friends, have now turned traitor, the one serves you far too well, and the other proves itself inadequate for this emergency. Finally, you manage to excuse yourself and leave, having made nothing of the conversation or the music, with a splitting headache, and a general grudge against the world.

Untimely Conversation

Why do people insist upon talking at the wrong time? The very ones who are most eloquent and deep-voiced when the gramophone is being played, or the radio is turned on, are the ones who have not a word to say at table. Those who chatter their way madly through a bridge game, keep a persistent silence, during the tea and "talk" which follow. There are others who can find something of interest to say only when the street-car goes clattering past, and for the rest of the walk prove themselves most dull company. There are innumerable examples of misdirected conversation, but surely that formed used in "grammophonizing" excels all others in producing a sense of irritation, of injustice, of helplessness, and finally, in bringing forth a hitherto unsuspected bad temper.

The first petting party was the time Jupiter fed Juno embrosia and nectar.

Which is nothing but a descendant of the old joke which read: "What is the difference between nectar and elixir?" "Why, before he married his wife, he nectar. Now elixir."

The Sow's Ear

(A Column for the Churchly)
Editorial

Prophet and Loss

"What is truth?" hoarsely emitted Joking Judas, and paused dramatically for a reply. In those dim dark ages there was no reply. That was before the days of the cross-word puzzle. I trust that now we are beyond that. No more do we toil along darkly in the mire of Superstition with our heads surrounded by the clouds of Creed and our feet clogged by the fetters of Orthodoxy and our back weighted down with the burden of Beliefs. No! a prophet has arisen, and it warms my heart to picture that scene of old as it would have been had our Prophet been there. Let us inquire with a spirit of Truth and a loving heart into this sublimest of spectacles.

The Justice Hall is crowded with idle women, court reporters and our Prophet. The Prophet sits half-way between the blatant reporters and the idle women. (Note—This has an allegorical meaning, as in Bunyan's Venice Preserved.) Mentally and physically then, our Prophet has his status between the idle women and the exponents of garrulity. Mr. Justice Judas (or, as the Romans playfully called him, "Punch and Judas") looks cynically around the hall. He has dined well, he feels epigrammatic.

"What is truth?" he utters to the press, and all of the reporters look dutifully puzzled, and the idle women look self-conscious. Judas smirks self-satisfiedly, having in his opinion, put over a fast one, and starts to wash his hands. Suddenly there is an interruption. A burly, golden-haired figure has stood up in the back of the hall. "I know!" he shouts, adjusting his horn-rims. "Know what?" stammers Judas, with a guilty look.

"I," replied the Prophet, "am the holy seer Matta All Tin, the Lone Searcher After Truth! I have found Truth. I travelled far from the morass of Bigotry and the Swamps of Creed until at last I beheld a glittering mound, its summit wreathed in golden clouds, the glorious sun glittering on its slope of gold. At last I had found Truth! Here on these iridescent crags I had found the precious metal!"—and blushing with justifiable pride, the Holy One held up a handful of Non Pyrites.

Editorial

Down With Superstition!

The Sow has ever been a searcher after the beautiful, a Crusader of Truth, a diligent iconoclast, a persevering shatterer of Superstition. Nevertheless, it is true that men's

thoughts are still laboring in the Slough of Despond. When I attack superstitions, narrow, bigoted, ignorant persons heap contumely and other things on my person. In spite of this scurrilous treatment, I shall go on. Martyr me! Fetter me! I despise your ignorance. You are still slaves of such outworn beliefs as the Saturday Night Bath, the Post-Exam, Drunk, the use of After Shave, the belief that four persons out of five have it, and the disastrous misconception that women are frequently faithful. Need I say more! I abjure you, spurn these false beliefs and join me up in the clouds where we may wax unburned in the light of truth.

Scorning cowardly anonymity, I sign myself,
—Habacuc-Burn-the-Gentiles-Howlton.

What Do You Think? DO YOU BELIEVE THAT FALSE TEETH SHOULD BE EQUIPPED WITH SILENCERS?

F. E. L. Priestley, Arts '30: Yes! Decidedly yes, for as M. Hat Malton says in his monumental epic, "The Lone Search for Truth or Let's Watch Ingersoll": "What a sticky subject to be drawn into."

H. D. Surplis, Arts '30: Yes! Emphatically yes, for as M. Hat Malton exudes in his deathless tome "Superstition Shattered or Poke the Pope": "Mr. Steel and I are firmly convinced that four out of five have it and the fifth is out looking for it."

H. W. Morrison, Arts '30: No! No! and No! As J. S. Feele asserts in his scorching diatribe, "A Study in Infantilism or Burn the Bigots": "It will be a glorious day in the history of the world when mankind realizes that there is a danger line."

C. N. Tingle, Arts '30: No! Positively no, for as M. Hat Malton contends in his ponderous phillippic, "The Low Down on the High Mass or Lambasting the Lamas": "Healthy teeth are within the grasp of every man struggling for the consummation of the perfect ideal of his being."

L. Sestrap, A. & M. '33: Yes, and again yes. M. Hat Malton enunciates in his memorable monograph, "Infant damnation shadows only the lives of those who believe in it." It is the film that is dangerous.

What! Do you think?
Yours for Truth,
AREOPERIMETER.

When some big Prune,
The son of a Nut,
Marries a Lemon,
And the Pear
Have a Peach of a daughter,
With Cherry lips,
And the Rose in her cheeks—
How in the Devil
Can you believe in Heredity?
—Selected.

SHOE-SHINE

A Study in Boot Blacks

(An exchange selection which was too good to pass up.)

When a man returns from America there are many things for him to talk about, though he probably does not want to talk at all. His mind is burdened with the memory of innumerable novelties, and almost against himself he finds that he is describing a pep meeting or an automaton or a mortician's advertisement. He tells of the Woolworth Tower and how he climbed it, only to find at the top a notice calmly telling that the restaurant is in the basement. But probably no memory is so vivid as that of having his shoes cleaned. The sight of New York from the sea, the colour of maple trees in Autumn, these things are wonderful and astonishing; but even more wonderful and astonishing is the business of boot-polishing. For in England we are prosaic folk: we never see our shoes cleaned; it is a miracle that happens while we slumber—one of the many accepted miracles of life. We dimly suspect that brushes and boot polishes are used; indeed it must be so, for boot polish is advertised on all our hoardings, but that is all we know. It is not so in the States: It is not so in Canada. There they have instituted the shoe-shine: they have raised a material necessity to the high level of an adventure.

It was not without a tremor of fear that I first took my seat in the shoe-shine parlour. I was to resign my feet entirely and absolutely to the care of a perfect stranger, of whose existence I had been completely unaware not three minutes before. He might punch them, he might pummel them, he might subject them to the grim torture of the bastinado. I felt helpless—yet not entirely helpless. I reserved to myself the right to kick.

But I had little cause to fear. The bootblack did not seem to speak my language, but that did not matter very much. We were not there for the purpose of conversation. He lovingly handled my feet. He looked at them sympathetically, albeit a little reproachfully. These were quite obviously the feet of Englishmen. They had never been properly treated. Still they were not beyond redemption. He laboured on. He used cloths and brushes and about four different polishes. It seemed rather like having one's hair cut. I expected all the while to be told, "It's getting a little thin on top, sir," or "Rather bad dandruff on the left lace—try some of our special lace restorer, fifty cents a bottle. It's all our own make, sir, and guaranteed." When it was all done I still waited timorously, fully expecting to be asked, "And what will you have on it, sir?"

But he remained silent. The deed was done—I paid my bill and departed. The bootblack had worked well. He had done his best with my shoes, and doubtless expected to make good friends of them, to learn their little whims, to explore their nooks and crannies. I stepped out with shining feet, avoiding the puddles left by

the October rains. Yet I never returned.

"In silence we parted to sever for years."

Like Jurgen I was determined to try every drink once. Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

So on the morrow I went elsewhere for my shoe-shine. I had my shoes cleaned by a Negro. He did not show the loving care that had thrilled my toes the day before. Rather he seemed to go through a series of motions well conned by rote. He seldom looked at the shoes. His eyes were elsewhere. He had no interest in the individual shoe. He was but the part of a machine. He began by rubbing some white liquid over my brown shoes. It looked like the froth of beer. I did not like to interrupt him, for I supposed that he knew what he was about, but it seemed an odd way to clean shoes that were obviously intended by their maker to be brown. Still it was his job and not mine: it was best to wait and see. My eyes wandered elsewhere.

On the wall near by I read the legend: "These shoe-shine boys have pledged themselves to give courteous and efficient service." I visualized a great ceremony of initiation, at which shoe-shine boy after shoe-shine boy came forward to take the oath: "I, shoe-shine boy number 2537, hereby pledge myself to render courteous and efficient service, so far as in me lies, to all customers irrespective of race, creed, or nationality." But evidently the pledge of a shoe-shine boy is held in little esteem—for at the foot of the notice I read, "In cases of inefficiency, report number of boy." I further discovered that the place was protected by a detective agency, who held themselves personally responsible for courteous and efficient service.

In Canada they are he-men. They are not afraid of getting their hands dirty. So they clean your shoes with their fingers, rubbing the polish in with an evident delight, and achieving remarkable results. In Montreal my shoes were made so shiny that I felt they were almost ostentatious. I almost asked the boy to take a little of the polish off. I felt like a profiteer. But I was in a hurry and I had half a notion that he would scrape it off with his finger nails, so I spared him the task. In Quebec my shoes were cleaned by a little Frenchman who danced as he worked and played upon my feet as upon a piano. Had fate been kinder he might have been a ballet dancer or a pianist. Perhaps he is at night, when the labours of the day are over and there are no more shoes to shine. But fate has not really been unkind to him. He might have been a very ordinary pianist: he is a very extraordinary bootblack. Never have I known a man to set about his work with such aplomb and such joy. I know that I shall not meet his like again.

—OBLOMOV.

"SAY WHEN, MON"

By Hoot Mon

I am a very temperate man and never as much as smell a cork, so you can understand I was very dubious about attending a certain banquet, but being a good student and sport I came along with the rest to this one. There was served up a good bill of fare, consisting of long dry speeches and wireless toasts. Yes, they didn't even give us a cocktail, and none of the boys brought anything on the hip.

It was Bill who saved the day, at least for some. Long before the speeches dried up and went home, he took a number of boys, including myself, up to his room, and I'll say we did justice to the speeches. I'm strictly temperate, as I said before, so don't understand why I should have felt so sick unless it were some of the speeches I couldn't digest at the banquet. I must have been pretty bad, as I wasn't sure whether I called for a doctor or not, but one came.

Another Efficiency Product

It, or rather he, a peculiar specimen of humanity, ran around on two wheels making a great rattle as it did so. Was this a man or a Ford, I asked myself. It had all the lines of a Ford car, yet it stood on its hind wheels. In the place of the front wheels were a pair of arms, and where we used to see a knob or some foolish decoration above the radiator was his head. This spoke, asking for the sick man, and was shown to me.

"What's the matter with you?" said the machine. "Are you sick?"

"No," I groaned. "I'm merely crazy."

"Too much Scotch," he suggested. "No, I'm strictly temperate," I replied. "It must have been the speeches. By the way, what are you?"

"I'm a doctor."

"A doctor?" I said, trying to understand. "Doctor who?"

"No, no, I'm not Dr. Who. I'm Dr. Ford. I cure a man a minute."

"But," I said, "you're not a man; you're a machine."

"My dear friend," he replied, "haven't you heard of the invention of the 'Ford-man' by Professor Henry on Feb. 22nd, 2222."

"Toot toot two," I almost whistled. "This is only 1929."

"No, no, my friend. I am afraid those speeches weren't so dry after all, and went to your head. This is 1929, and not 1929." And to convince me he showed me my own calendar.

"Yes, it was 1919," I agreed. But

IF SO?

Never was one like you
That I could worship as I do,
Never one, no, never a one,
Like you.

Never a one—it seems
Long time ago—or else perhaps in
dreams
I saw another like you—her I worshipped
Or so it seems.

—O. R. W.

HIGH SHOTS and BACKFIRES

(Notes from an Engineer's Diary)

Feb. 15.—We have just read a certain epistle by one who evidently wishes to remain anonymous. "C.K.", the dear boy, has not yet grown up. He can't see a joke, unless there's a mirror handy.

The extensive operations of the Calgary Power Co. in Alberta will perhaps be of benefit to the Electricals seeking employment during the holidays. Engineering is on the up and up in Alberta at last.

A convention of Canadian engineers was held in the east last week. Details of this meeting are not yet available, so we can't give you the news we wished to give. However, we recommend that you read the proceedings in one of the current engineering journals.

May we remind you that your applications for places on survey gangs

(Continued on page six)

still confused, I demanded, "Where am I?"

"In Utopia," he replied.

A New Utopia

"In Utopia!—which one?" I asked, for I had read Plato's, Well's, More's, Bellamy's and many others. I enquired if it were any of these.

He shook his head saying, "No, none of these. Just a Utopia where machines do all the work, direct and run the country, while all man does is eat, drink, tell lies, and make speeches at banquets."

This suggestion of banquets and speeches reminded me of how sick I was, so I asked him how soon I'd be cured.

He looked me over for a long time, finally saying, "To put you in good repair and to make you efficient would cost more than a new machine, but if you insist I'll take you over to the repair shop."

"Repair me!" I yelled. "I haven't had a blow-out."

"No," replied the doctor. "You simply have a few loose screws and are tight at that."

This was too much for me. I got up and went away.

Next morning when I awoke I found myself in a padded cell, and with great difficulty, owing to volcanic action of the stomach, asked the keeper how I came to be there.

"You were brought in last night," he explained, "by two policemen. When you were taken before the judge you tried to convince him that this was the year 2919 and not 1929. Then he asked you where you thought you were, and you replied 'In Utopia.' As a last resort, he turned you over to us."

"Never again," I solemnly swore, "never again will I listen to dry speeches."

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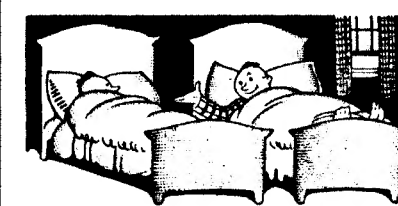
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Damon—
"What did Professor Smith mean this morning when he told you that no man could ever make a silk purse out of a sow's ear?"

Pythian—
"He meant that I'd never be able to do good work with a poor pencil. Guess I'll have to get a Dixon's Eldorado. Old Smity says it's the best drawing pencil made."

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On Being Grammophoned
OR
A New Torture
By M.

Yes, a new verb, but one for which there has long been a serious need, for there is a species of torture from which almost everyone has at some time suffered, and which can be described only by such a word as "grammophonized." This torture is a favorite pastime with many people, and is inflicted upon the most undeserving and helpless victims, so that it has earned for itself a few words of protest.

The True Use

We do not wish to suggest that all playing of the gramophone is "grammophonizing"—far from it. A gramophone is one of the most beautiful and pleasure-giving inventions of science, and if properly treated, an almost inexhaustible source of enjoyment. A lover of music, by this means, may spend a most pleasant and satisfying evening with all the best artists of the world at his command—artists who might otherwise be quite out of his reach, because of his geographical location or because of the high price required to hear them at first hand. Having had his fill of song, he may leave, feeling that his craving for music has been, for the time, satisfied, and that these musicians are there, ready to play for him whenever he wishes to hear them again.

The Perversion
That is listening to the gramophone and enjoying it, but being "grammophonized" is not like that. In the latter case, one is invited into a

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Freshmen Capture Inter-year Swim Honors With 53 Points

Juniors Ran a Close Second and Grabbed Off Most Firsts for 49 Points—Seniors and Sophs Were Left Far Behind With 9 and 7 Points Respectively

In the Inter-year Swim Meet last Saturday the Frosh nosed out the Juniors by a scant 4 points to win the meet. This meet turned out to be the closest meet in years. The Juniors made by far the best showing when it came to winning events, but the Freshmen outnumbered them and by entering practically all the events, piled up points. The Sophomores were represented by one lone competitor, who did well considering the lack of support he had. The Seniors, who were third on the list, had only two men entered, and hence could not put up much of a fight for first honors.

Men's Events Closely Contested

In the men's races, there were some very bitterly fought races. In the men's 50 yards, Jack Duggan slithered through the water for a first in 29 secs. Jack Kinnear, of the Sophomores, was close on his heels for a second, and J. McLean, of the Seniors, was third.

Geo. Story, of the Juniors, captured the breast stroke event and also came third in the back stroke. Ken Argue, leader of the Juniors, won the distance plunge.

Ted Baker, Freshman captain, swam the men's hundred all by his lonesome, and did his distance in 1:05.

The men's 20 yard race was one of the most closely contested events of the evening, Jack Duggan, of the Frosh, winning out.

Kay McConkey Shone
In the women's events, Kay McConkey, inter-varsity champ, was the outstanding star of the evening, winning five firsts for the Juniors. In the distance plunge, she again equalled her plunging of 60 feet, which constitutes a provincial record.

Marjorie Allin was the Frosh candidate for the swimming events. Marjorie also beat the former provincial record in the plunge.

Miss McCowan, of the Frosh, was defeated by Miss Crang in the women's diving by the narrow margin of half a point.

Inter-Varsity Meet March 2
On March 2 the University of Saskatchewan is sending a swimming team to compete with the U. of A.

As Saskatchewan has been guaranteed the gate receipts at the inter-arsity meet, it is to be hoped that there will be a good stout turnout.

Results
Men's 50 yards, free style—1, J. Duggan, Frosh; 2, J. Kinnear, Soph; 3, J. McLean, Senior.

Ladies' 50 yards, free style—1, Kay McConkey, Junior.

Men's 50 yards, breast—1, Story, Junior; 2, Twomey, Frosh.

Ladies' 20 yards, free style—1, Marg. Crang, Junior; 2, Marjorie Allin, Frosh.

Men's 100 yards, free style—1, Ted Baker, Frosh.

Men's distance plunge—1, Ken Argue, Junior; 2, Dick Large, Frosh.

Ladies' 100 yards, free style—1, Kay McConkey, Junior; 2, Marj. Allin, Frosh.

Men's 50 yards, back stroke—1, Bob McKechnie, Senior; 2, Guy Kinnear, Frosh; 3, Geo. Story, Junior.

Ladies' diving—1, Marg. Crang, Junior; 2, Miss McCowan, Frosh.

Men's diving—1, W. Smith, Frosh; 2, J. Kinnear, Soph.

Ladies' 50 yards, breast stroke—1, Kay McConkey, Junior; 2, Miss McCowan, Frosh.

Ladies' distance plunge—1, Kay McConkey, Junior; 2, Marj. Allin, Frosh.

Relay—1, Frosh; 2, Juniors.

COMLAWAG DEFEAT MEDENTS BY 2-1

Meds Put Engineers Out of the Play-off on Saturday—Arts-Pharm and Com Draw

In a hard-fought encounter on Saturday afternoon the Com-Law-Ag aggregation took their old rivals, the Med-Dents into camp by the score of 2-1. It was a close game throughout, the deciding goal coming within five seconds of time when Vi Joly went through the whole Med team to beat Cousineau on a fine individual effort.

Com-Law-Ag took the lead early in the first period. Foster let drive from outside the Meds defence to score Com-Law's first counter. The remainder of the first period went scoreless. In the second period, the Meds evened, Kendall doing the necessary by picking up a rebound from McLennan's drive. From then on till Joly got his valuable point at the end of the game, play was even, with neither team able to break through the opposing defence.

Engineers vs. Meds

The Engineers lost all hope of reaching the finals in the Interfac. League on Saturday afternoon when they suffered defeat at the hands of the Med-Dents 1-0. In the first two periods both teams played a defensive game, waiting for the breaks. It was not till the middle of the third canto that the Meds went into the lead when McLennan slipped the puck into the net in a scramble in front of the Science goal.

Com-Law-Ag vs. Arts-Pharm

Arts-Pharm and Com-Law-Ag played a slow game to a 1-1 draw on Saturday afternoon. The score was indicative of the merits of the two teams on the afternoon's play. Arts-Pharm took an early lead, Timothy converting King's pass to score. In the second period Foster and Kinnear went down together, and the former beat Craig from close in to even things up. Craig played the best game of the season for Arts-Pharm.

SPORTING SLANTS

The hockey team, which has not travelled for inter-collegiate competition for four years, is to get a trip at last. It has always seemed an injustice that some players who have been playing on a senior University team for four and five years should have been denied the reward of a trip to one of the other western universities.

Varsity basketball followers will have the opportunity this coming Saturday of watching a game for an unofficial world's championship when the Varsity girls meet the Grads. The championship will be very unofficial though, because Gladys Fry is going to line up with the Green and Gold.

The Leafs won a popular victory on Tuesday night when they blanked the Superiors. The protest of the latter team did not find much favour with the large crowd of spectators.

What's happened to swimming here when the Sophomore class has one sole representative carrying its colours and the Seniors have only two entrants? Let's see a little more enthusiasm for the coming inter-arsity meet.

The men guiding the destinies of the Boxing and Wrestling Club this year deserve the greatest commendation for the successful way they have more than revived the club's activities. It is now fostering a fencing club, which ought to prove another success.

The girls' hockey team's victory over Saskatchewan was very gratifying, if a little surprising. The Saskatoon girls are understood to have some team, and that's saying a lot.

LEAFS DEFEAT SUPERIORS 4-0

Cinch Place in Play-off by Virtue of Their Victory—Leafs Worth Win

The Maple Leafs definitely cinched a place in the play-off by decisively defeating the Superiors 4-0 on Tuesday night. Except for the first period, which was fast and also scoreless, the game was not as good hockey as these teams are capable of showing, and the Leafs had an obvious edge on the play.

LEADS VARSITY



GLADYS FRY

Who, although a member of both Varsity and Grads, will line up with the Green and Gold on Saturday night.

VARSLITY GIRLS TO PLAY GRADS AGAIN

Old Rivalry Will Break Forth Anew on Saturday Night

The old basketball rivalry between Varsity and the Commercial Grads, which has been quietly smouldering for some time past, is due once more to burst into furious flame. Next Saturday night at the Varsity gym the Grads will positively meet the U. of A. girls, and the outcome will be watched with interest by fans everywhere. Much difficulty has been experienced in attempting to arrange a meeting between the teams over the status of Gladys Fry—who has been a most valuable asset to both teams. But we are happy to say that on Saturday night Gladys will appear in a Varsity uniform.

Can the Grads Win?
With Gladys playing for them the Grads are unbeatable—a world championship team. But when she is against them the story may be different. At any rate, the Green and Gold are going to use her to the very best advantage, and the contest will undoubtedly be close. The Varsity girls come fresh from a splendid victory over Manitoba by a score as large as the Grads were able to roll up on any one occasion during their European tour. Coach Obee O'Brien has them ready for the most strenuous action. Let the Grads beware!

We ought to add that Saturday's game will be purely an exhibition affair. Should Varsity chance to win, the Grads will still be world champions. Though a victory will mean nothing but glory, however, the girls will be out to make it a real fight. Those who wish to see real basketball are warned to be on hand.

Both teams will trot out their regular lineups, with Babe Boulanger of the Gradients playing centre for the Grads.

Bill Douglas will referee.

INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL

The Varsity intermediate basketballers chalked up their third win of the season when they defeated the Edmonton Normal representatives 31-18 at the Prince of Wales armories Monday evening. Displaying the same good form and fast combination as they did when they took the hitherto undefeated "Y" Blues into camp last week, the Varsity hoopsters established an early lead which they maintained until the end. The first half produced the best basketball, with the Normalites very much in the picture, but the Green and Gold were on the basket and had a three-point lead at half time when the score stood 18-15.

In the second half, Varsity showed superiority when Gowan and Miller rang up several nice markers, while the best the Normalites could do was to gather three points. Varsity's defence was hard to beat. Gowan was high scorer of the evening, finding the basket for no less than twelve points. Letts and Richards turned in very effective performances for the Normalites.

The lineup:
Varsity: Miller (7), Ward (3), Gowan (12), Coffin (4), Fenerty (3), Menzies (2), Skeith, Cairns.
Normal: Letts (8), Gallamore (3), Richards (4), Ponich (2), Rowswell (1), Dean.
Referee: Bill Douglas.

Manitoba Men's Basketball Team Defeats Alberta 64-38

Brown and Gold Displayed a Smooth Brand of Basketball and Were Never in Danger—Walkey, Nitchuk and Dobush Shone for Manitoba—Shandro and Greenlees Led Alberta

The University of Manitoba men's basketball team proved a little too good for the University of Alberta quintet when they registered a decisive win over the Green and Gold 64-38 in the Varsity gym last Saturday night. By virtue of this victory Manitoba will retain the Rigby Trophy for another year, having already handed Saskatchewan a defeat.

Brown and Gold Were Classy

The most ardent Alberta supporter will admit that the Brown and Gold were full value for their win. The Manitobans showed much more system in their play than the Varsity lads. They employed the five-man forward attack, with the result that their guards were heavy scorers. And they used the pivot to such perfection that whenever a Manitoban passed the ball there was always a team-mate ready to receive it. Above all, their combination play was smooth, swift and sure. They were a pretty team to watch.

Varsity Were Lacking

The U. of A. basketballers, on the other hand, showed proper form on only one or two occasions when the forwards broke away from their checks to flash some fast combination and score some well-earned baskets. In general, the Alberta attack lacked co-ordination; the boys tended to work too much as individuals to get adequate results against the fast-travelling Winnipeg machine. They worked hard, but were outchecked and outguessed by a superior team.

The whole Manitoba team worked as a unit, but if any individuals are to be praised they are Walkey, Nitchuk and Dobush. Greenlees and Shandro were the high scorers for the Green and Gold.

Manitoba broke into the scoring first, and their count reached five before Alberta were able to tally a

single point. Beautiful shooting by Walkey and Dobush kept the score still mounting, until Greenlees found his eye and dropped in three field goals in quick succession. Half-way through the period the teams were on nearly equal footing, 13-12, but from that point on the Brown and Gold began to pull away, and for the rest of the game were out of danger. Manitoba was able to rest at half-time with a very substantial lead, 32-18.

Varsity Tries Again

Alberta entered the fray with renewed vigor after the breather, and nice work by Greenlees, Shandro and Donaldson kept Manitoba from stepping out too much, and though Nitchuk and Walkey were still peppering the basket regularly, Manitoba called time out after ten minutes play to find that her lead had actually been reduced one point, 49-36.

Walkaway at Close

The short rest did the easterners good. They came back feeling like more, and rode over Varsity roughshod until the final whistle. While Alberta was run ragged to score one basket, Manitoba was amassing fifteen points to end the game 64-38.

Lineups:

Manitoba: Walkey (20), Carrick (6), Nitchuk (17), Dobush (12), Courtice.

Alberta: Donaldson (6), Greenlees Downey (3), Furnival, Johnson (6), (18), Shandro (12), McBeth, Brynildsen (1), McCallum, Miller (1), Carscallen.

Intercollegiate Humor

There are two classes of girls—those who are pretty and those who just don't care for boys.—Sou'wester.

The one fortunate thing about the passage of the naval cruiser bill is that it was gotten out of the way before the next naval disarmament conference started. It might have been embarrassing to have the two happen at once.

A stout matron is a flapper gone to waist.—Sou'wester.

FOR TAXI PHONE 4444

EASTER!

Remember Easter Sunday this year comes in March, therefore it behooves the discriminating dresser to examine his wardrobe with the object of having his Spring Suit or Topcoat selected at the earliest possible date.

Above all else, do not leave your decision to the last minute, when the choicest designs of the new Spring range have been picked over.

Remember "there is scarcely anything in this world that some man cannot make a little worse and sell a little cheaper, and the buyers who consider price only are this man's lawful prey."

On the other hand, WESTCRAFT combines the latest in Individual Custom-tailored Style with the finest in Imported fabrics, and "they cost no more" than ordinary clothes.

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U. OF SASK.

vs.

U. OF ALTA.

Varsity Gym

Sat. Mar. 2, 8 p.m.

Admission 25c

HOUSE LEAGUE NEARS PLAY-OFFS

Bentley or Wintemute Will Meet Nick Holowaychuk's Team in the Final

House League Standing	Played.	Won.
No. 1 Team	7	5
No. 2 Team	7	6
No. 3 Team	7	0
No. 4 Team	7	3

There has been keen competition in the league, and only two defaulted games. At present the issue is between Bentley and Wintemute to decide which shall be the second team with Nick Holowaychuk's men in the final next week.

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CHARLEY'S SECRET

OR

A Psychological Experiment

By K.

I've heard it said, I'll say it now,
A man convinced against his will,
By force, or fraud, or anyhow,
Is of the same opinion still.
(Old Ballad)

Charley and George performed an experiment a few days ago which was so practical in its value and so novel in its execution that it is bound to be ranked by the leaders of thought among those few that have cast some light upon those obscure principles which regulate human conduct. It is unfortunate that the excellent coordination of purpose and method in which the two labored should have been disrupted at the end of the trial by the feeling on the part of one (George) that the other (Charley) had put something over on him.

The First Cause

It came about in this wise. Charley, reading a story in a magazine, was impressed by the statement which he found there, that the surest way of disseminating a piece of information in a community is to confide it to one of the members thereof and to warn him—or, preferably, her—that the disclosure must be kept entirely secret. At first my friend hesitated to accept this misanthropic opinion, but when George came out flat-footedly against it an argument began which soon attained sufficient momentum to carry each party to the conviction that he had always held the principle which he was now defending.

"Look here, Charley!" burst out George finally, "what have you got to say about those psychological experiments carried on in class? If they were let out by the fellows that had been experimented on they wouldn't be any good."

"Most of them are, nevertheless," replied Charley doggedly.

"You mean to say that if I got you for a subject for an experiment, say on attention, and told you that Bill mustn't know anything about it because I was going to try it on Bill, that you would hike right off and tell him?"

"Would you admit if I did that you were wrong?"

"Sure I would."

"Let's try it, then, and find out."

"How?"

"Let's choose somebody, say Miss Walpole, tell her something in abso-

te secrecy, and see how long before we hear about it."

The Plan

As Miss Robertina Walpole is considered by the three of us to be a paragon of virtue, one in whom you could safely confide anything, and as none of us are sufficiently familiar with any other of the inhabitants of Pembina to be likely to hear any news from them even if she did let it out, George and I both felt that Charley was making a very fair proposal.

In true scientific spirit my two friends at once elaborated on Charley's original plan. In order that an unbiased interpretation of the results they obtained might be made, I was requisitioned to be judge.

Many obstacles had to be overcome, the greatest of which was to get the four of us, and no more, together somewhere at one time without giving our subject, Miss Walpole, any hint that we had any purpose in so meeting except to gratify our desire for one another's company and hers.

It was Charley that found a solution for this difficulty: he suggested that he take the subject for a hike the following Sunday, and meet us, accidentally, near White Mud Creek; we were then to propose making our camp-fire together; and during the process of the consumption of hot-dogs and coffee, George was to inform us that a movement was on foot among the men-students to establish a fund for the payment of maids to wait upon the Pembina doors when the regular attendants were off duty. With the injunction to Miss Walpole that, since the project was still a secret among the men, she was not to let any of the girls know, our part of the experiment was to close. All would then depend on the subject.

The Experiment

Accordingly, the following Sunday at about two in the afternoon, George, Charley, Miss Walpole, and I sat around a large fire eating hot-dogs on the banks of the Saskatchewan. Conversation lagged. Charley and I said little, anxious to give George the opportunity to tell the secret. Miss Walpole also said little; she seemed very amused, and burst out into peals of laughter at any remark bearing the least apparent trace of humour. George was nervous, but resolute. After much humming and hawing, he overcame the reticence which affects him in the presence of co-eds and entered upon a conversation whose substance and purport my readers have sufficient intelligence to guess.

Miss Walpole could restrain herself no longer. Her shrieks of laughter rang out to the walls of the valley and resounded upon our ears with low accompaniment of Charley's deep and varied expressions of mirth. We were compelled to control our anxiety until Miss Walpole's hilarity had fallen sufficiently for her to become articulate. George turned to her for the cause of the merriment.

The Explanation

She begged him to forgive her rudeness, and explained that she was perfectly aware of our plot, and could not keep from laughing at the way in which we had been fooled. So George turned to Charley asking if

The PIG'S EYE



We will confess, through the courtesy of the Western Interuniversity Press Association (all copyrights including the Scandinavian), that we have had a secret yearning to write poetry since a very early age. While we have mercifully spared our readers to this date, we feel that they feel that we should feel—O hell! finish it yourself. The rough idea of it is that we are going to include some of our own poetry in this column which up to date has been refused by some of the best publishing houses in this country.

The following was taken from the Medicine Hat dialect at great expense by the Palliser-MacDonald expedition (Mittlemeyer '92), and rendered intelligible by the hydro-electric process. It is symbolical of the heart-yearnings of the Kiwanis in the mating season.

SONG

Once again the spring.
Verdant, lovely.
Where are the poker chips?
Gone in the wind.
Where are the cigar ashes
Ashes of desire—
Tramped into the carpet.
Who broke the chandelier?
That would be telling.
All, all are gone
The old familiar faces.

Bring out the runaway
Pump up the tires.
Recharge the battery
Repair the dashboard.
Father is sober
The tax rates are out
A thousand are bleating as one.
That will be about enough of this, we figure. We must go on with our five-act play. Perhaps you would like to read an excerpt from the final act. We are writing that first so we'll know just where we're at.

(A voice is heard off-stage) The queen waits without, sire.
Ipeac, the King: Without what, varlet?

(The varlet disappears without answering.)

Le Slang De College

Wen I am out on Inverness,
Dis Gaelic make me mad,
But out here on dis college,
She's de slang dat's twice as bad.

Sometime down on de dinner,
De butter she's call grease,
Dat jam dey's call it jolop,
It's de stuff dat won't give peace.

An' den dere's foolish crazy song,
Bout Girl dat's on your dream,
An' "If you be my tea-pot,
Well den I'll be your cream."

he had told Miss Walpole. When he replied that he had, George turned me and claimed the decision of the argument, "through default on Charley's part." I was about to give it to him when Charley remonstrated. "Wait a minute; I win."

"Didn't we take every precaution not to let Robertina know anything about our plan, and in doing so wasn't absolute secrecy a requisite, and, if so, in letting the secret out did not I, in George's very words, prove my point by my own action?"

And so the experiment of my two friends leaves no doubt on a hitherto debatable question,—or, as I should say, only one doubt. For George is still of the same opinion, and resists all attempt to change it, using a defensive argument evidently based on a vague opinion that he has been duped.

This Time

"If time be of all things most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality, since lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough."—Benjamin Franklin.

Time! By the ignominious introduction into civilization of hour-glasses, sun-dials, clocks, and—most humiliating of all—alarm-clocks, man has forever bound the true calculation of time to an absurd and false standard. After all, it is not clocks who make time; it is we; and it is most annoying to have all our motions and speeches and thoughts cut up and dissected into seconds, minutes and hours by a stupid piece of man-made machinery which ticks, chimes or even cuckoos without having the slightest idea why it does so.

The very rising and setting of the sun is recorded complacently in the papers in terms of twelve and sixty as though the heavenly bodies were on a level with trains and steamboats. Whereas, with all things in the universe not man-made suddenly to cease their movements, Time as we know it would be no more; and yet, had all the clocks been wound up as usual the night before, the whole army of them would blindly go on with their tick, tick, tick, dividing up Nothing into regular intervals.

Doubtless you are thinking my point to be that if there were no clocks or sun-dials or sand trickling through hour-glasses, no one would ever know when the 8:30 lectures were supposed to begin—which would be an advantage. In fact, there could be no 8:30 lectures, there being no 8:30!

That follows, but it is not what we started out to say. We were thinking as a matter of fact, about wast-

The King: Whether 'tis better to endure
The lash of penury and the vile
Opprobrium of the blatant herd
Or meet with scorn the epithets
Of leagued tyranny, I know not.
I will be free! Let orthodox tremble.

The rest of the act is pretty much like that. In fact life is pretty much like that, isn't it? We have felt for some time that we were not being true to our art. But hereafter we will seek to give the broader viewpoint. We want you to help us, folks. We want you to give every child at this university a chance. When we think of little Imogene sobbing her heart out because she cannot understand Einstein we come to the realization that there is injustice; there is repression of free thought. Too long have we labored in the dim light of outworn creeds and dogmas. Who cares for these doctrines? Who wants to go to a nasty old Chemistry lab anyhow? You see the idea? Your move, Percy—Editor's note.

For the Prohibitionist and Blue Law exponent we advocate an evening with "der august Emil" in "Sins of the Fathers." Jannings has done much for the movies, but the best he has done yet is show how prohibition works. Emil starts as a waiter, becomes the owner of a beer garden and winds up as a bootlegger. His son is blinded by poison hooch manufactured by his own father. Emil goes to jail and everything is lovely—from the prohibitionist point of view. But we could not escape being moved by the moral disintegration of a kindly father and his transition from a man to a poisoner. Nothing in the picture is beyond the realm of probability and little is overdrawn. The lesson which Jannings attempts to convey is that there are worse things than drinking beer. Not much, of course—but a little.

We had something really brilliant with which to wind up this column, but we've forgotten what it was. Perhaps it will come to us by next issue. In the meantime, turn to the editorial columns. You have no idea of the worth of them. (Not inserted by the Alberta Liquor Control Board, etc.)

Some fellow say dat he is pluck,
Exams am all de bunk,
A pass dey call it gettin thru,
But under dat she's "flunk."

If fellow take one chance an' dance,
De res' all cry "Get hot,"
An' if you're fat on stomach,
Dey're sure for call it pot.

Alne fille she's call "hot number"
Or flapper or co-ed,
De town she's not so lively,
An' den dey say she's dead.

Now makin' love is goffin;
An' if de girl say stop,
De fellow he's come back an' say,
Dat dame am one big flop.

Professor say "I'm shoot a line."
Now get her down right cole,
An' if you pass experiment,
Dat's pretty keen you're tole.

Some lucky guy he's mak' de team,
De odder fellows holler,
An' if you smash a leg on chair,
Dat's cos' you several dollar.

Wen fellow's well he's in de pink,
An' wen he's sick he's not,
A little drink is call a nip,
A little more a shot.

An' neckin she is call tomtat
Wit Wane dey make a date,
But wen you go on hockey game,
You simply crash de gate.

Den if you got no monie,
Dey fellows say your broke,
A man dat's drink on H40,
He's call a poor ole soak.

Sometime a fellow he's skip out,
De Prefect gets him flat,
He's put him on de "boneyard,"
I've got no use for dat.

An' oilcoat she's call "slicker,"
Dose hat dey call dem lid,
An' fellows who am know his stuff—
To party he's get bid.

Den kissin' it call mushin',
Le music she's name jazz,
Sometime you get a bawlin' out,
Or else you get de razz.

A pretty dame she's knockout,
If cross she's call a bear,
Dey call Professor's good head,
Dat needer her nor dere.
—Xaverian Weekly.

"Dad, did Moses suffer with indigestion?"
"I'm sure I don't know," snapped his father.

"Well, I think he must have had it because our Sunday school teacher told us that God gave him tablets."
—Intercollegiate Press Service.

ing time being the greatest prodigality, and about Addison's "Vision of Mirza." Do you remember his picture of the Bridge of Life over which people are always passing; and how hidden trap-doors open for one after another who drop through them into the river below?

"Time" for each individual is the measurement of the distance on the Bridge of Life between the end of the bridge where all set out and the trap-door which is meant for each. Time is made up of steps, of actions. We can do only a certain number of things before we reach the trap-door. Wasting time is simply doing the wrong things.

Matthew Arnold, before 1888, summed up modern Western civilization and left us a thought on wasting time, in four lines:
"We see all sights from pole to pole,
And look and nod and bustle by,
And never once possess our soul
Before we die."

—Here and There.

EFFORT

Among life's great secrets is that "display of power" called effort. It arises from a faith in the benefits obtained and from a sheer joy of moving forward. For when we find ourselves suddenly at a standstill, our lives are in danger. Effort is the hidden force that gives to life its sense of progress.

Quo Vadis?

Rightly directed, effort is a source of continued joy. But eventually the time comes when we ask ourselves if our efforts are made in the direction which is best suited for us. Always there comes that moment when in pursuit of our life's work the startling question arises, "Are you going to do in life the things for which you are most naturally fitted?" Then comes a period of doubt, followed by that faith in effort and its results which again restores confidence—and life moves on.

Most of us have read at one time or another the master's talk in "Tom Brown's Schooldays." In this conversation the question of rightly-directed effort is discussed. The master says:

A Dual Purpose

"You talk of 'working to get your living' and 'doing some real good in the world,' in the same breath. Now you may be getting a very good living in a profession, and yet doing no good at all in the world, but quite the contrary, at the same time. Keep the latter before you as your own object, and you will be right, whether you make a living or not; but if you dwell on the other, you'll very likely drop into mere moneymaking."

Let us pause here. In our own day life is materially changed. We have before us a greater temptation for luxuries whose range has been increased beyond the dreams of the people of the master's day. His words are as true for our day as for his, although today good work is more materially rewarded.

But with the increase of luxury has come an infinitely greater opportunity to do "some real good in the world." The vistas of science "down which the eye of man is powerless to follow the flight of his mind" have increased beyond description the opportunities awaiting the student whose ambition is to do good work.

A Word of Advice

And in what follows a helpful word of advice is offered.

"Don't be in a hurry about finding your work in the world for yourself; you are not old enough to judge for yourself yet, but just look about you in the place you find yourself in, and try to make things a little better and honester there . . . And don't be led away to think this part

Canadian Debating Team Lose Two Encounters

Melvin Kenny, of the University of Toronto, and Bernard Alexander, of McGill University, who formed the debating team sent to England by the National Federation of Canadian University Students, lost only two debates on their tour.

Alexander returned to Montreal a few days ago, while Kenny is remaining in Europe for some time. Considerable publicity followed one debate when one student in the audience rose and began to sing "Yankee Doodle." It was meant entirely as a joke, it was learned afterwards; scores of letters of apology were received by the two Canadians.—Varsity.

McGill University and the University of Montreal are acting as hosts to a party of South African students who are touring Canada. While in the university they will be entertained by the Scarlet Key Society. The party numbers about forty altogether.—McGill Daily.

Now boys, don't read this.

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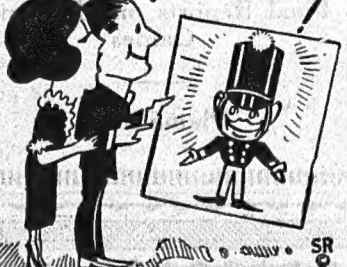
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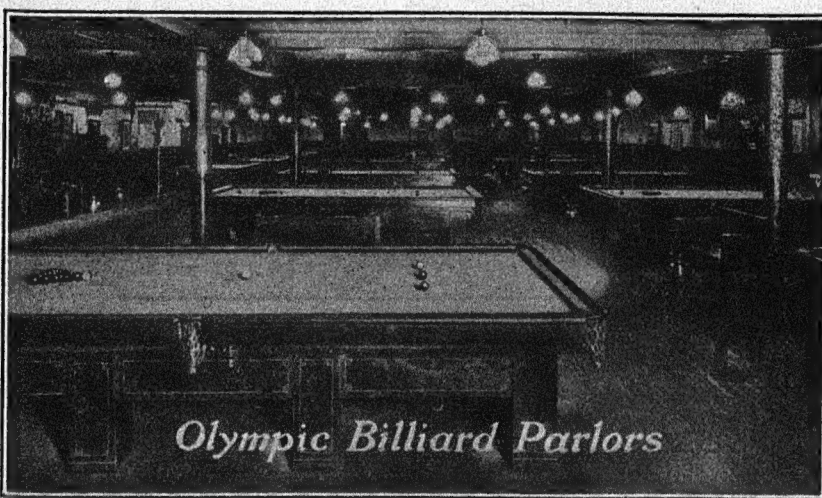
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C. E. MORRIS

A DEBATER'S WANDERINGS

OR
The Tale of a Talker

By Nelson Chappel
Toronto, Ontario,
Feb. 8th, 1929.

Dear Gateway:

We have been so much on the move since the Winnipeg debate that correspondence has been out of the question. As you probably know, we were given the decision in the Winnipeg debate on World Peace, on Jan. 28th, and wound up the evening with a little dinner at Child's. After a rather uneventful jaunt to Toronto we were taken in hand by the Debating Directorate at U. of T., and entertained quite royally. In addition to a tour of the University, we were entertained at lunch on Friday noon at Hart House, and at dinner at the Diet Kitchen Tea rooms, by the Students' Administrative Council. Sir Robert Falconer was present on both occasions, and at dinner officially welcomed us to the University of Toronto. In conversation with him I discovered that he was quite well acquainted with our western universities and Western Canada. Mr. Bickersteth, the Warden of Hart House, is a most interesting personality. The influence of Hart House upon the men of the university is due to his personality. He was a lecturer in History at the University of Alberta for a short time after the war, and had many interesting incidents to relate about Athabasca Hall. On Friday, February 1st, feeling very good over our success in the debate the night before, the round of entertainment at the four colleges making up the university began. We were at Knox for lunch and part of the afternoon, and after an inspection of Hart House were entertained at dinner at Victoria College. They took us to see a French musical comedy in the evening, but not knowing much French, my responses to the comedy were of the Gaelic variety. On Saturday the students of St. Michael's College entertained us at lunch and at the McGill-Varsity hockey match in the afternoon. We saw everything from good hockey to a free-for-all fight, but Varsity won both easily.

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TOLERANCE

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—I write as a student of this University who deplors the recent approach to a religious controversy which has unfortunately crept into the columns of the official organ of the student body, The Gateway, during the past few weeks. I also write as one who has no desire whatever to augment this misfortune by contributing any additional ill-advised arguments pro or con.

One must concede that this institution by establishment and in its procedure is non-sectarian and embraces in its student body members of various beliefs. Might I therefore suggest to the editorial staff the advisability of adopting a policy of rigorously refraining from the expression of any sectarian views or of accepting for publication any article of a like nature.

Tolerance in matters of this kind is the sure key-note to unity and fraternity and to the establishment of that "University Spirit" which is so desirable as being one of the greatest benefits accruing from one's "Alma Mater."

Religious intolerance is ever the product of ignorance, and to find even the intimation of such intruding within our walls is certainly not a tribute to the wisdom which is presupposed as prevailing therein.

Yours sincerely,
A. J. O'NEILL

(We quite agree. We want tolerance. With that end in view, the first editorials were written on the subject in this paper; with that end in view, two of our feature writers have written articles, published in recent issues. Only one thing is the Gateway intolerant of: intolerance. An attack on intolerant creeds always touches a sore spot for the intolerant. But arguments are of no avail. So we write this to the whole matter.—The Editor.)

ATTENDANCE

Editor, The Gateway:

Dear Sir,—In the last few issues of The Gateway discussion has centered for the most part around the welfare of the soul. May I suggest that it might perhaps be more profitable to concern ourselves with the immediate welfare of the students. Why not turn the power of the press towards eliminating that obvious nuisance: compulsory attendance?

It makes my heart bleed, Mr. Editor, to think of the countless golden minutes that have been wasted in calling the roll—golden minutes in which bright-eyed students might have gathered some pearl of wisdom.

The protagonists (if any!) of compulsory attendance argue that if it were abolished, myriads of students would forego the pleasure of listening to lectures. If indeed this were to be the result, either the students are not sufficiently interested in the course or the lectures are not worth listening to anyway. If the first is the case, the students deserve to fail—and they will fail. So far so good. If the lectures are not worth listening to, the student will work on his own and pass. It should be part of our training in University to use our judgment and learn to gauge the worth of lectures.

Those who argue for compulsory attendance seem to have visions of professors talking to empty chairs if the system were abolished. This, sir, is insolence of the lowest kind! I, for one, have great faith that students would still come flocking to classrooms to hang upon the professor's every word. The magnetic personality of our lecturers would still hold the hearers spellbound. If, however, in the dim and distant future an inferior professor were to come into our midst, the sight of shrinking classes would spur him on to the improvement of his lectures.

We have all heard the cry that there is too much "spoon-feeding" in our educational system. To this might be added that there is too much "force-feeding"—the analogy to the raising of geese is rather appalling.

But it is useless to argue further. You all know the countless arguments against compulsory attendance. Then the question arises: "Is it possible as students to do anything about it?" If so, let's do it.

Yours sincerely,
ERIC L. GIBBS.

High Shots and Backfires

(Continued from page three)

are now due. Dr. MacLeod will try to obtain positions for you.

Engineering items are still welcome. Please remember this column

The following boon to youthful engineers has been dug up at tremendous expense by our research department, under the direction of G. C. Hamilton.

Moustache Grower
(Attention, Mr. C.X.)
Simple cerate, 1 ounce; oil bergamot, 10 minims; saturated tincture of cantharides, 15 minims. Rub them together thoroughly, or melt the cerate and stir in the tincture while hot, and the oil as soon as it is nearly cold, then run into molds or rolls. To be applied as pomade, rubbing in at the roots of the hair. Care must be used not to inflame the skin by too frequent application.

Honeyed phrases do not come easily to the lips of Fagnip. The war, disappointments in love, and tremendous adventures have knocked the polish from us. We must, however, still our fluttering heart long enough to embrace this opportunity to indicate our deepest gratitude and appreciation for the simply

MR. R. D. PRITTE GIVES SCHOLARSHIP

Research Work on the Preservation of Wood is Being Encouraged

Mr. R. D. Prittie, of the Alberta Wood Preserving Company of Calgary, has kindly offered to the University either one or two scholarships of the value of four hundred dollars to a student or two students who would wish to engage in research work in the preservation of wood. The problems for investigation are:

1. The disintegration of wood by fungus.
2. The preservation of the wood.

Any students who are interested in the scholarship are requested to see Dean Boyle.

DANCE AFTER THE GAME

The game over — no appropriate time for mourning—for the hectic business of booking a program is on.

The instruments, musical and otherwise, are carried through the surging mob in lower gym.

Why is the gallery increasing? Maybe it's more amusing up there. Let's both of us try it next time—infinite possibilities!

Did you see the basketball boys not availing themselves of "carte blanche" to tag. Maybe they weren't tired.

"Hold the clinches" was the motto as per Swede's command—but he only meant the once.

The photographer couldn't see, and the camera never caught, what happened at the back of the gym. We saw another classic pose that was inspired by and almost equalled the Manitoban attempt to do a "Flying Mercury" act.

Did you sample the punch? Yes—aqua pura as usual.

It takes six strong men to open those windows—that's why they're kept closed.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL STATEMENT

It was decided by the Students' Council that the practice of publishing a monthly statement of the finances of the Union should be recommenced after a lapse of two years. The books of the Union were audited by the Government auditors up to Nov. 30, 1928. The bank reconciliation for the months of December, 1928, and January, 1929, follow, together with the Trial Balance as at Jan. 31st, 1929.

Students' Union Trial Balance, January 31st, 1929		
	Dr.	Cr.
Bank (Overdraft)		\$ 650.11
General Account	\$ 5,784.12	
Literary General		40.00
Debating Society		143.57
Australian Debate		62.98
Dramatic Society		259.74
Glee Club		31.28
Orchestra		98.20
Wauneta Society		344.33
Men's Athletics:		
General		274.35
Basketball		336.17
Boxing and Wrestling		56.00
Hockey		277.29
Rooters	23.10	
Rugby		237.17
Soccer		22.00
Swimming		4.25
Tennis		10.00
Track	195.08	
Women's Athletics:		
General		85.00
Basketball		357.98
Hockey		580.75
Tennis		10.00
Track		19.82
Students' Union Administrative		423.94
Social Directorate		73.00
Gateway		1,600.42
	\$5,942.30	\$5,942.30

Bank Reconciliation, Dec. 31, 1929

Balance November 30th.	
Overdraft	\$ 380.30
Withdrawals to Dec. 31st, 1928	736.55
	\$1,116.85
Deposits to Dec. 31st, 1928	1,000.00
	\$ 116.85
Outstandings	\$ 625.90
Balance as per Bank Statement, Dec. 31st, 1928	509.05
	\$ 116.85

Bank Reconciliation Jan. 31, 1929

Balance overdrawn, Dec. 31st	\$ 116.85
Add Withdrawals	1,535.78
	\$1,652.63
Less Deposits	1,002.50
	\$ 650.11
Balance as per Bank Statement, Jan. 31st.	\$ 176.21
Add Outstandings	478.90
	\$ 650.11

charming sentiment expressed on the lovely Valentine which we received. Our Secret Service Dept. is endeavoring to trace the fair young thing from whom, by the beautiful example of penmanship displayed in the expressive little poem, the "Can't elope," was sent. Unfortunately, we can't elope either, but we, also, love YOU just the same.

Well, that's that; and now our heart can go back to its normal sixty-eight, or what have you, revolutions per second.

Strange things do happen. And in this connection perhaps someone can explain why the subject of "Concentrated Dumbbells" came up in Math. 25 class.

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

(Continued from page one)

scientists having an interest in "map gazing." To such persons the realization was quickly brought home that the east coast of South America and the west coast of Africa fitted together in a remarkable and tempting manner. The consequent idea that these two continents had once been joined, but had since drifted apart, at first seemed absurd, but soon came to be regarded much more seriously. An Austrian professor of physics, by the name of Wegner, first formulated the continental drift theory, and furthermore collected considerable evidence of its possibility.

Indestructible Unit

Why this continental drift? The theory regards a continent as a more or less indestructible unit, which may be submerged under the sea for a time, or suffer other changes, but nearly always reappears in approximately its original form. Geologists assert that the rocks making up the continents are less dense than those on the floor of the ocean. It is also asserted that the lighter rocks of the continents are underlaid at a depth of something like 50 miles by dense rocks something like those of the ocean floor. In other words, a continent is regarded as being like an iceberg floating in the sea. It is supposed to float on these, or in these more dense rocks fairly freely.

Why Continents Move?

What makes continents move? This is probably the most difficult thing to account for in the continental drift theory. In the first place, enormous forces must be found to account for the admittedly large movements which have taken place if the theory is to be believed. Exponents of the theory claim two major forces: (1) a natural drift towards the equator, (2) the force of the tides tending to cause a westerly drift. These forces being still insufficient to explain the direction of some of the supposed drifts, the supposition that the axes of the earth have shifted several times has been advanced. This theory of the shifting of the earth's axes is accepted by some, for there seems to be some evidence that it may really have happened. The contention, too, that there have been no forces large enough to move the continental masses may be refuted to some degree by the length of time which these forces have been acting, for a small force exerted for a long period of time may achieve great results. However, even if the theory of continental drift is accepted, it is wholly probable that the forces causing it must remain more or less an enigma. A professor of the University of Dublin has advanced theories involving the action of radioactive substances in the rocks at a considerable depth, but the relation of this to the drifting of continents has not been definitely fixed.

Correction

Owing to an unfortunate error the changes in the Arts Course reported in last week's Gateway had a line omitted. The correct programmes appear below:

B.A.

English 1.
Mathematics 1.
One of: French 1-3; German 1-3; Greek 1; Latin 1-3.
Three of: History 1; Physics 1; Chemistry 1; Zoology 1; the languages not already chosen.
Physical Education 1.

B.Sc.

English 1.
Mathematics 1.
Physics 1.
Chemistry 1.
One of: French 1-3; German 1-3; Greek 1; Latin 1-3.
One of: History 1; the languages and sciences not already chosen.
Physical Education 1.

UNIVERSITY SERVICE

The final University Service of the current term will be held in Convocation Hall on the morning of Sunday, March 10th. The President of the University, who will speak on that occasion, has chosen, most appropriately, the subject, "What of Christianity?" The question is one that has aroused interesting discussion of late among University students and elsewhere, and whatever one may feel the answer to be, Dr. Wallace is sure to have a thought-provoking contribution to make to its consideration.

TRUST

My gate is open
And the latch key out:
I do not fear
For thieves about.

Never a blossom
That goes astray
But comes again
At the close of day.

—O. R. W.

I never saw a purple cow,
A big one or a wee one;
And, with the hooch we're getting
now,
I'd rather be than see one.

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